

WORLD HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume Most Important Daily News Items.

COMPILED FOR YOU

Events of Noted People, Governments and Pacific Northwest, and Other Things Worth Knowing.

Oil has been discovered in the Tatum district near Tuxpan, state of Vera Cruz.

The United States supreme court announced Monday it would recess from December 10 to January 2.

The 13 convicts who escaped from the Kansas state penitentiary late Sunday by burrowing through an abandoned tunnel are still at liberty.

Besides having his message to congress broadcast to the four corners of the United States, President Coolidge may get back a permanent record of it registered on a long string of piano wire.

The finding of a boy's skeleton, together with evidence making identification positive, in a swamp near Greeley, Pike county, Pennsylvania, brought to an end a search of more than eight years.

An unknown man, believed to be a tramp, was burned to death in a fire that destroyed the farmers' warehouse elevator at Irby, Wash., Tuesday. Loss on the building, which was empty, was fixed at \$10,000 to \$12,000.

Charles Kunkel, internationally known pianist, and ranked nationally as one of the leading music publishers, died in St. Louis Monday at the age of 83 years. Mr. Kunkel was a native of Germany.

Prohibition agents are not civil officers in any strict or constitutional sense, Federal Judge Woodruff of Omaha declared Tuesday in a written opinion. He also stated they are without lawful authority to serve search warrants.

One of the articles of Tutankhamen's funerary state in which moderns, especially women, will take a sentimental as well as artistic interest, is the Pharaoh's great ostrich feather fan, now awaiting treatment in the tomb of Seti II, which has been fitted up as a laboratory.

Signor Marconi, pioneer in the field of wireless communication, declares his belief that a revolution in the methods employed for communication with distant countries would be possible as the outcome of important tests carried out by himself and C. S. Franklin, the British expert.

A duel with spears, ending in a trickle of blood from one of the rivals' right forearm, and kissing and reconciliation between the two antagonists, took place Tuesday at Varenne, St. Hilaire on the Marne, between Signor Beretti, a Corsican statesman, and Henri Omessa, a Corsican editor.

The work of finding the bodies of the 600 or more victims of the Bergamo, Italy, flood disaster continues over the extended zone devastated by the waters, but the rescue parties are encountering difficulties. The water has receded, leaving Bergamo valley buried under several feet of mud.

Crude oil waste from the Arkansas oil fields, flowing on the surface of the Ouachita river, is causing the death of thousands of wild ducks, according to hunters who have been along the stream north of Monroe. The oil gums the feathers of the birds, making it impossible for them either to fly or swim.

Broadens White Sox, a senior yearling Aberdeen Angus steer owned by A. A. Armstrong of Camargo, Ill., Tuesday was crowned the grand champion of the International Livestock show at Chicago. In accordance with the custom, the fate of the grand champion is to be slaughtered for Christmas beef.

The tariff commission reported to congress Monday that rate changes on 127 commodities had been applied for thus far under the flexible provisions of the tariff law. Thirty-four of the applications were for changes in rates on chemicals. Investigations into rate schedules ordered by the commission number 35.

Mrs. Ethel G. Gilliken of South Portland, Me., placed her 10-month-old daughter on the red-hot coals in her kitchen stove Tuesday, the police said, because she believed that spirits from God had called for the sacrifice of the baby and that she "soon was to follow." Neighbors heard the screams of her other children and rescued the infant.

DRIVE STARTS IN MEXICO

Revolutionists Forming to Advance on Capital of Country.

Vera Cruz.—The column of revolutionists, proceeding by way of the inter-oceanic railway for Mexico City, is taking with it four batteries of 75-millimeter guns and four batteries of machine guns, in addition to sufficient ammunition for both categories. The column was able to increase its gun power from pieces obtained from the San Juan de Uluca castle and from the warships in the harbor here.

Another column of troops, said to be under the personal command of General Guadalupe Sanchez, is being formed and will go toward the capital by way of the Mexican railway to aid the columns already advancing.

Advices from the port of Frontera said that Colonel Vivanio was carrying out the orders sent him by revolutionary headquarters here to march on Villa Hermosa, capital of the state of Tabasco, against Governor Garrido, a follower of President Obregon.

Wireless communication between headquarters in Vera Cruz and the headquarters of General Enrique Estrada, commander of the western forces, was being freely carried out.

Among the new prisoners who arrived here Monday from Jalapa, which was captured by the revolutionists Saturday, is Angel Casarin, who was acting governor of the state in the absence in Mexico City of Governor Tejada.

New Boiler Reduces Electric Cost Half

Hartford, Conn.—Production of electricity for power and lighting purposes at approximately one-half the present financial cost by the use of the new mercury boiler process, the success of which was recently announced by the inventor, William Leroy Emmet of the General Electric company, was demonstrated here before representatives of the press at the Dutch Plant of the Hartford Electric Light company. Representatives of the company, who have been operating the only commercial mercury boiler in existence as part of the local plant, explained the process, which was described by them as revolutionary and the greatest advance in this respect since the invention of the steam turbine.

How soon it will be possible to pass this decreased cost of production on to the consumer in form of reduced rates for electricity was said to be dependent entirely on the possibility of producing mercury boilers for commercial purposes. While still in an experimental stage they stated the operation of the boiler as a unit of the Hartford plant has been entirely successful.

The production of enough mercury to take care of the demand which will follow the manufacture of mercury boilers was admitted to be another problem which might enter into the general commercial use of the new process.

Bonds to Be Offered.

Tacoma, Wash.—The Tacoma municipal sinking fund board, composed of Mayor A. V. Fawcett, Commissioner J. W. Silver of the finance department and J. M. Roberts, controller, will meet at the end of ten days and decide on a date for bids on the \$4,000,000 bond issue for unit No. 2 of the Cushman power project on the Skykomish river in Mason county.

That there would have been a market among Tacoma citizens for the bonds had the council seen fit to dispose of \$1,000,000 of them in \$100 and \$500 denominations was asserted by Mayor Fawcett, a number having called on the mayor to say they were disappointed in not having a chance to buy bonds at smaller denominations than \$1000.

Differential Is Upheld.

Washington, D. C.—Transcontinental railroads were held justified Monday by the interstate commerce commission in refusing to give the same rates on fruits and vegetables shipped from Pacific coast points via Chicago into the southeast quarters of the United States as are given when traffic is routed via Memphis, East St. Louis or New Orleans.

Although shippers' organizations protested the rates via Chicago, the commission decided that the route was too circuitous to justify the roads in using it without a collection of extra freight.

Government Loses Suit.

Washington, D. C.—The government failed in the supreme court Monday in an effort to have quashed a suit won by Edward F. Goltra of St. Louis, by which he recovered control of nineteen barges and four towboats. The craft had been turned over to him by the government soon after the war under a contract which gave him the right to purchase them at their appraised value.

INTERIOR REVENUES SHOW BIG INCREASE

Secretary Work's Department Has Great Record.

OIL LEASES PAY WELL

Indian Affairs and Patent Office Receipts Take Big Jump. Alaska Railroad Improves.

Washington, D. C.—Hubert Work, secretary of the interior, in his annual report to the president, which was transmitted to the congress Saturday, says:

My tenure of office as secretary of the interior extends over but a small part of the past fiscal year. I took the oath of office on March 5 and the fiscal year expired on June 30, 1923.

The department of the interior, including its various bureaus and institutions, appears to have a remarkable record during the fiscal year contained in this report. The appropriations for its operation during the 12 months' period amounted to \$327,931,100.67, which is a sum \$22,534,159 less than was appropriated for its maintenance during the previous fiscal year of 1922. Notwithstanding this large reduction in appropriations to cover its expenses, the receipts of the department have increased from approximately \$48,612,528.95 in 1922 to approximately \$63,566,641.03 in 1923, or a gain of \$14,954,112.13.

Most of this increase came from royalties on oil leases on Indian lands, the gain in receipts in the bureau of Indian affairs during the fiscal year of 1923 over 1922 totalling \$14,722,000. The patent office increased its revenues from applications and from the sale of photo-lithographic copies of patents, trade marks, etc., by the sum of \$156,000.

The revenues from the Alaska railroad through additional passenger and freight traffic, increased about \$191,000, followed by the bureau of mines with a gain in receipts of \$134,900, the national park services with a gain of \$75,800, the geological survey with a gain of \$51,000 and the bureau of education with a gain of \$1451 in its receipts from sales of its publications. Only three bureaus showed losses in receipts.

The functions of the interior department are both constructive and eleemosynary. Eliminating the eleemosynary bureaus and institutions and also moneys appropriated for the payment of pensions, its annual cash receipts exceed its expenditures. In addition a campaign of rigid governmental economy is being conducted.

Nine Killed in Train Crash.

Erie, Pa.—Nine persons were killed and seven others injured, two probably fatally, when the third section of the Twentieth Century limited of the New York Central railroad, west-bound, telescoped the first section near Forsythe, N. Y., 35 miles east of here, Sunday morning.

The second section, which had gone ahead of the first section at Albany, when it encountered engine trouble, struck an abandoned automobile at the Forsythe crossing. The train was stopped to determine if any casualties had resulted, and after placing danger signals at the crossing the second section proceeded. The first section stopped to investigate the signals and the third section crashed into the rear cars.

Worker's Vision Is Poor.

New York.—Fully 25,000,000 gainfully employed Americans are suffering from defective vision, it was announced Saturday by the eyesight conservation council of America in making public a partial report of its survey of eyesight needs in the nation's industry.

In the Detroit plant of the Ford Motor Car company, says the report, 29,000 out of 60,000 workers have defective vision.

Crisis Looms in Vienna.

Vienna.—A governmental crisis has arisen over the insistent demands of the postal, telephone and telegraph employes for increased pay. Chancellor Seipel met a threat of a general strike by saying that in such an event his ministry would resign. The government insists it is unable to meet the demands.

German Treaty Signed.

Washington, D. C.—The new commercial treaty between the United States and Germany was signed Saturday by Secretary Hughes and Ambassador Wiedfeldt. The pact takes the place of that abrogated during the world war.

ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

By John Fox, Jr.

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CHAPTER XVI

Up the James rode Erskine, hiding in the woods by day and slipping cautiously along the sandy road by night, circling about Tarleton's campfires, or dashing at full speed past some careless sentinel. Often he was fired at, often chased, but with a clear road in front of him he had no fear of capture. On the third morning he came upon a ragged sentinel—an American. Ten minutes later he got his first glimpse of Lafayette, and then he was hailed joyfully by none other than Dave Yandell, Capt. Dave Yandell, shorn of his woodsman's dress and panoplied in the trappings of war.

Cornwallis was coming on. The boy, he wrote, cannot escape me. But the boy—Lafayette—did, and in time pursued and forced the Englishman into a cul-de-sac. "I have given his lordship the disgrace of a retreat," said Lafayette. And so—Yorktown!

Late in August came the message that put Washington's great "soul in arms." Rochambeau had landed six thousand soldiers in Connecticut, and now Count de Grasse and a French fleet had sailed for the Chesapeake. General Washington at once resorted to camouflage. He laid out camps ostentatiously opposite New York and in plain sight of the enemy. He made a feigned attack on their posts. Rochambeau moved south and reached the Delaware before the British grasped the Yankee trick. Then it was too late. The windows of Philadelphia were filled with ladies waving handkerchiefs and crying bravoes when the tattered Continentals, their clothes thick with dust but hats plumed with sprigs of green, marched through amid their torn battle flags and rumbling cannon. Behind followed the French in "gay white uniforms faced with green," and martial music throbbed the air. Down the Chesapeake they went in transports and were concentrated at Williamsburg before the close of September. Cornwallis had erected works against the boy, for he knew nothing of Washington and Count de Grasse, nor Mad Anthony and General Nelson, who were south of the James to prevent escape into North Carolina.

"To your goodness," the boy wrote to Washington, "I am owing the most beautiful prospect I may ever behold."

Then came De Grasse, who drove off the British fleet, and the mouth of the net was closed.

Cornwallis heard the cannon and sent Clinton to appeal for help, but the answer was Washington himself at the head of his army. And then the joyous march.

"'Tis our first campaign!" cried the French gayly, and the Continentals joyfully answered:

"'Tis our last!"

At Williamsburg the allies gathered, and with Washington's army came Colonel Dale, now a general, and young Capt. Harry Dale, who had brought news from Philadelphia that was of great interest to Erskine Dale. In that town Dane Grey had been a close intimate of Andre, and that intimacy had been the cause of much speculation since. He had told Dave of his mother and Early Morn, and Dave had told him gravely that he must go get them after the campaign was over and bring them to the fort in Kentucky. If Early Morn still refused to come, then he must bring his mother, and he reckoned grimly that no mouth would open in a word that could offend her. Erskine also told of Red Oaks and Dane Grey, but Dave must tell nothing to the Dales—not yet, if ever.

They marched next morning at day-break. At sunset of the second day they bivouacked within two miles of Yorktown and the siege began. The allied line was a crescent, with each tip resting on the water—Lafayette commanding the Americans on the right, the French on the left under Rochambeau. De Grasse, with his fleet, was in the bay to cut off approach by water. Washington himself put the match to the first gun, and the mutual cannonade of three or four days began. The scene was "sublime and stupendous."

Two British men-of-war lying in the river were struck with hot shot and set on fire, and the result was full of terrible grandeur. The sails caught and the flames ran to the tops of the masts, resembling immense torches. One fled like a mountain of fire toward the bay and was burned to the water's edge.

And then the surrender: The day was the 19th of October. The victors were drawn up in two lines a mile long on the right and left of a road that ran through the autumn fields south of Yorktown. Washington stood at the head of his army on the right, Rochambeau at the head of the French on the left. Behind on both sides was a great crowd of people to watch the ceremony. Slowly out of Yorktown marched the British colors, cased drums beating a significant English air:

"The world turned topsyturvy."

Lord Cornwallis was sick. General O'Hara bore my lord's sword. As he approached, Washington saluted and pointed to General Lincoln, who had been treated with indignity at Charleston. O'Hara handed the sword to Lincoln. Lincoln at once handed it back and the surrender was over. Between the lines the British marched on and stacked arms in a nearby field. Some of them threw their muskets on the ground, and a British colonel bit the hilt of his sword from rage.

As Tarleton's legion went by, three pairs of eyes watched eagerly for one

face, but neither Harry nor Capt. Dave Yandell saw Dane Grey—nor did Erskine Dale.

CHAPTER XVII

To Harry and Dave, Dane Grey's absence was merely a mystery—to Erskine it brought foreboding and sickening fear. General Dale's wound having opened afresh, made traveling impossible, and Harry had a slight bayonet thrust in the shoulder. Erskine determined to save them all the worry possible and to act now as the head of the family himself. He announced that he must go straight back at once to Kentucky and Captain Clark. Harry stormed unavailingly and General Dale pleaded with him to stay, but gave reluctant leave. To Dave he told his fears and Dave vehemently declared he, too, would go along, but Erskine would not hear of it and set forth alone.

Slowly enough he started, but with every mile suspicion and fear grew the faster and he quickened Firefly's pace. The distance to Williamsburg was soon covered, and skirting the town, he went on swiftly for Red Oaks. Suppose he were too late, what even if he were not too late, what should he do, what could he do? Firefly was sweeping into a little hollow now, and above the beating of her hoofs in the sandy road, a clink of metal reached his ears beyond the low hill ahead, and Erskine swerved aside into the bushes. Some one was coming, and apparently out of the red ball of the sun hanging over that hill sprang a horseman at a dead run—black Ephraim.

"Stop!" Erskine cried, but the negro came thundering on, as though he meant to ride down anything in his way. Firefly swerved aside, and Ephraim shot by, pulling in with both hands and shouting: "Marse Erskine! Yassuh, yassuh! Thank Gawd you're come." When he wheeled he came back at a gallop—nor did he stop.

"Come on, Marse Erskine!" he cried. "No time to waste. Come on, suh!"

With a few leaps Firefly was abreast, and neck and neck they ran.



Two British Men-of-War Lying in the River Were Struck With Hot Shot and Set on Fire.

while the dark's every word confirmed the instinct and reason that had led Erskine where he was.

"Yassuh, Miss Barbary gwine to run away wid dat mean white man. Yassuh, dis very night."

"When did he get here?"

"Dis mawnin'. He been pesterin' her an' pleadin' wid her all day an' she been cryin' her heart out, but mammy say she's gwine wid him. Pears like she can't he'p herself."

"Is he alone?"

"No, suh, he got an officer an' four sojers wid him."

"How did they get away?"

"He say as how dey was on a scoutin' party an' 'scaped."

"Does he know that Cornwallis has surrendered?"

"Oh, yassuh, he tol' Miss Barbary dat. Dat's why he says he got to git away right now an' she got to go wid him right now."

"Did he say anything about General Dale and Mr. Harry?"

"Yassuh, he say dat dey's all right an' dat dey an' you will be hot on his tracks. Dat's why mammy tol' me to ride like de debil an' hurry you on, suh. Dis arternoon, the negro went on, 'he went ovah to dat cabin I tol' you 'bout an' got dat American uniform. He gwine to tell folks on de way dat dem idders is his prisoners an' he takin' dem to Richmond. Den dey gwine to sep'rate an' he an' Miss Barbary gwine to git married some whar on de way an' dey goin' on an' suh for England, fer he say if he git captured folks'll won't let him be prisoner o' war—dey'll jes up an' shoot him. An' dat skeer Miss Barbary mos' to death an' he'll make her go wid him. Mammy heah'd ever word dey say."

Erskine's brain was working fast, but no plan would come. They would be six against him, but no matter—he urged Firefly on. The red ball from which Ephraim had leaped had gone down now. The chill autumn dark-

ness was settling, but the moon was rising full and glorious over the black expanse of trees when the lights of Red Oaks first twinkled ahead.

The negro turned from the road through a gate, and Erskine heard the thud of his horse's hoofs across the meadow turf. He rode on slowly, hitched Firefly as close to the edge of the road as was safe, and crept to the edge of the garden, where he could peer through the hedge. The hall door was open and the hallway lighted; so was the dining room; and there were lights in Barbara's room. There were no noises, not even of animal life, and no figures moving about or in the house. What could he do? One thing at least, no matter what happened to him—he could number Dane Grey's days and make this night his last on earth. It would probably be his own last night, too. Impatiently he crawled back to the edge of the road. More quickly than he expected, he saw Ephraim's figure slipping through the shadows toward him.

"Dey's jus' through supper," he reported. "Miss Barbary didn't eat wid 'em. She's up in her room. Dat ilder officer been stormin' at Marse Grey an' hurryin' him up. Mammy been holdin' de little missus back all she can. She say she got to make like she heppin' her pack."

"Ephraim," said Erskine quickly, "go tell Mr. Grey that one of his men wants to see him right away at the sundial. When he starts down the path you run around the hedge and be on hand in the bushes."

"Yassuh," and the boy showed his teeth in a comprehending smile. It was not long before he saw Grey's tall figure easily emerge from the hall door and stop full in the light. He saw Ephraim slip around the corner and Grey move to the end of the porch, doubtless in answer to the black boy's whispered summons. For a moment the two figures were motionless and then Erskine began to tingle acutely from head to foot. Grey came swiftly down the great path, which was radiant with moonlight. As Grey neared the dial Erskine moved toward him, keeping in a dark shadow, but Grey saw him and called in a low tone but sharply:

"Well, what is it?" With two paces more Erskine stepped out into the moonlight with his cocked pistol at Grey's breast.

"This," he said quietly. "Make no noise—and don't move." Grey was startled, but he caught his control instantly and without fear.

"You are a brave man, Mr. Grey, and so, for that matter, is—Benedict Arnold."

"Captain Grey," corrected Grey insolently.

"I do not recognize your rank. To me you are merely Traitor Grey."

"You are entitled to unusual freedom of speech—under the circumstances."

"I shall grant you the same freedom," Erskine replied quickly—"in a moment. Twice you have said that you would fight me with anything, any time, any place." Grey bowed slightly. "I shall ask you to make those words good and I shall accordingly choose the weapons." Grey bowed again. "Ephraim!" The boy stepped from the thicket.

"Ah," breathed Grey, "that black devil!"

"Ain' you gwine to shoot him, Marse Erskine?"

"Ephraim!" said Erskine, "slip into the hall very quietly and bring me the two raplers on the wall."

Erskine addressed Grey. "I know more of your career than you think, Grey. You have been a spy as well as a traitor. And now you are crowning your infamy by weaving some spell over my cousin and trying to carry her away in the absence of her father and brother, to what unhappiness God only can know. I can hardly hope that you appreciate the honor I am doing you."

"Not as much as I appreciate your courage and the risk you are taking," Erskine smiled.

"The risk is perhaps less than you think."

"You have not been idle?"

"I have learned more of my father's swords than I knew when we used them last."

"I am glad—it will be more interesting," Erskine looked toward the house and moved impatiently.

"My brother officer has dined too well," noted Grey placidly, "and the rest of my—er—retinue are gambling. We are quite secure."

"Ah!" Erskine breathed—he had seen the black boy run down the steps with something under one arm and presently Ephraim was in the shadow of the thicket:

"Give one to Mr. Grey, Ephraim, and the other to me. I believe you said on that other occasion that there was no choice of blades?"

"Quite right," Grey answered, skillfully testing his bit of steel.

"Keep well out of the way, Ephraim," warned Erskine, "and take this pistol. You may need it, if I am worsted, to protect yourself."

"Indeed, yes," returned Grey, "and kindly instruct him not to use it to protect you." For answer Erskine sprang from the shadow—discarding formal courtesies.

"En garde!" he called sternly. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

As It Often Happens.

"What's the row?"

"The members of the committee are scrapping violently over the selection of a loving cup."

With many children in one family no one of them gets overpetted.